

BAD TIME AHEAD FOR BEATTIE

WILL I ACQUAINTS AND BEHOLD
RECORD THIS WEEK.

Paul Beattie is to tell of his shooting at the request of the record and his friends will give the history of the Beattie family.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 27.—Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., sat once more in a cell in the Richmond jail today and for long hours his lawyers, Harry M. Smith, Jr., and Hill Carter, went over with the prisoner the details of the case which means life or death to him.

The conference was deemed more to be a bluff against the ordeal of the next two days, when the heaviest weight of the prosecution will be hurled against him, than through any pressing need on the part of the lawyers.

For within the next two days the Commonwealth will either have built up such an overwhelming engine of testimony that nothing interposed by the defense can check it or the two chief witnesses upon whom the Commonwealth's attorneys are relying for this final effort will have failed them and there will be a chance that the jury may have instilled into their minds such a "reasonable doubt" that acquittal or disagreement will result.

Beattie knows that the test is coming tomorrow and Tuesday. The remarkable nerve which has supported him heretofore, manifesting itself in a cynicism overplayed, began to break on Saturday, and at the close of the session he sat with fluttering eyelids near the edge of breakdown.

Last night and to-day two kinds of inhabitants of the brick jail in the yard behind Chesterfield court house mourned their temporary loss. These were the rats and the seven negro prisoners. It was because of the former that on Saturday afternoon when representations were made to Judge Watson by the Beattie family, the latter agreed to allow Beattie a respite in the Richmond jail over Saturday and Sunday nights. The rats that go in and out of the little scullery are lean and bold and many. Every night of the past week that Beattie had been locked up in the ancient cell-house his sleep had been broken by the invasion.

The negroes, petty thieves awaiting trial and confirmed drunkards did not like to see Beattie go away even for a little while, for the supplies from Jailer Coghill's table that the young prisoner did not eat went to them and were better than Chesterfield county provides for its colored brethren.

The result of the first week of this young man's trial has been serious for him, and before the prosecution rests its case there will be much graver concern in his mind. He must know also that all his lawyers have to build on in his defense is the story of a tall whiskered man suddenly stepping out of the shadows of the forest on Middleman pike and without reason, almost without words, as Beattie has told the story, slaying his wife as she sat by his side in an automobile.

As the case stands before the jury at the beginning of the second week of the trial the prosecution has completed its task of pointing out the contradictions and inconsistencies in Beattie's story of the murder. That was its first and most important task. The second, which will probably come to-morrow, is the first step in constructive testimony. This will be the introduction of evidence directly fixing the purchase of the shotgun upon Henry Beattie. The third and last step in the prosecution will be to establish the motive for the crime.

Through Paul Beattie, the cousin of the accused, the prosecution will first identify the shotgun as that which was in the possession of the prisoner three days before July 18, the time of the murder. Paul Beattie will tell that his cousin first wanted him to buy a revolver for him and that he tried to do so, but that because he was unable to produce a permit from the Richmond chief of police under the Virginia law regulating the sale of firearms, Henry Beattie told him to buy a cheap shotgun instead. Henry gave as his reason that he needed the gun to protect himself on the dark roads when he traveled in his auto at night.

Paul Beattie did buy a shotgun and three yellow shells, only three. This also was Henry's dictation. The shells were loaded with No. 6 shot. The gun that Paul Beattie bought had a few brass driven into the stock. The gun in evidence has no brass in the stock. Several No. 6 shot-holes from the skull of Mrs. Beattie are in evidence also and two yellow shells. One was the exploded shell found in the back of the gun, the unexploded shells were found up the three days after the murder in the dense brush about seventy feet from the spot where the murdered woman's blood-soaked Middleman turnpike.

Paul Beattie will probably be another witness for the Commonwealth. He will tell how on the day after the murder when the shotgun was found on the road near the cross where the Eastern and Southern States Tuesday and Wednesday. This change to cooler weather will probably cause frosts in exposed places the first part of the week in the northern Rocky Mountain region, the northern plains States, the extreme upper Mississippi Valley and the upper lake region.

Another disturbance is due to appear in the Northwest about Wednesday, when it will move eastward and cross the middle West Thursday or Friday and the Eastern States near the close of the week. This disturbance will be preceded by a reaction to warmer weather and be attended by considerable cloudiness and local areas of precipitation in the region east of the Rocky Mountains.

The weather. Aug. 28.—Rain fell yesterday over the New England and middle Atlantic States, caused by an area of high pressure moving northeastward from the New England coast.

This also caused dense fog from Maine to Delaware. There was an area of low pressure occupying the interior of the country from the Mississippi valley westward into the extreme southwest. This, in connection with an area of high pressure moving down from the Northwest, was the cause of showers in the central and western States and in the upper lake region. There were heavy local showers in the middle Gulf States.

The temperature remained about stationary east of the Mississippi, but it was warmer in the South. In the central States and much cooler over the Northwest.

In this city the day was rainy, with dense fog, nearly stationary temperature, wind light north-easterly, humidity ranging between 80 and 100 per cent. barometer, corrected, fell to 30.00.

For Eastern New York, rain to-day and to-morrow; increasing east to north winds.

For New England, rain to-day and to-morrow; except far to-day in northeast portion; increasing east to north winds.

For Eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey, rain to-day and to-morrow; cooler to-morrow; increasing east to north winds.

For the District of Columbia, Delaware and Maryland, rain to-day and probably to-morrow; cooler; increasing east to north winds.

For Western New York, showers and cooler to-day and probably to-morrow; variable winds, somewhat to night.

For Western Pennsylvania, showers and cooler to-day; cooler and generally fair to-morrow; light to moderate winds, probably increasing to night.



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impending divorce were to be kept from his father were sufficient, so Attorney Wendenburg will urge, to spur the defendant on to commit a clumsy murder.

Those folk of Chesterfield county who ride for miles through the wilderness to crowd into the stuffy court room find an enigma in Henry Beattie. He does not measure up to Chesterfield's conception of a murderer. A tall, thin, pale, with a point of dushiness in his dress, possessing an exterior calm that is almost arrogant in its imperturbability, this youth seems to be the least exercised figure in the court room.

He has a high, smooth forehead and sharp nose. His eyes have a peculiar upward twist of the lids at the outer corners which one might say give him a sinister look. His mouth is thin lipped and his chin small and receding.

Until yesterday Beattie allowed himself no betrayal of emotion other than dignified indifference. But yesterday when some flashy youths of Richmond a few years younger than himself were on the stand against him, telling of having seen him standing by his machine on the night of the murder, Beattie's face fixed into a very ugly sneer and his eyes narrowed to menacing points.

His expression gave during the progress of the testimony given by Luther Smith, the detective, until at the close of the day's session he was trembling and his face was haggard and drawn.

SCORES A CLUBBING COP.
Magistrate Kernochan Reprimands Officer Who Beat Up a Prisoner.

"This is the worst case of brutality on the part of the police that I have ever had brought before me. The prisoner is discharged and the officer reprimanded," said Magistrate Kernochan in the men's night court last night when Policeman James Murphy of the Leonard street station arraigned William Murphy, a driver of 28 Hubert street, and charged him with intoxication, resisting arrest and using vile language to an officer.

The prisoner was brought to court with his head swathed in bandages and his lip badly cut. According to the story he told the court he was standing with a few friends at the corner of Vesey and Greenwich streets when the officer, who, he said, dislikes him for some reason, singled him out and told him to move on.

"I was doing nothing and I told the officer to leave me alone. When he pushed me I swore at him. Then he struck me on the mouth and when he fell my head hit the curb and I had to be attended by an ambulance surgeon."

When I got to the station I asked for water and it was refused me. That is the extent of my crime."

The Magistrate noticed that the officer's hand was bruised.

"How did that happen?" he inquired.

The policeman admitted the wound was received in hitting the prisoner, who, he said, resisted arrest and had to be handled roughly.

Then Magistrate Kernochan told the policeman what he thought of his actions and requested the court scribe to photograph to save the records for further investigation.

William Murphy is 19 years old and 5 feet 4 inches tall. Policeman Murphy is a six footer.

THE WEATHER THIS WEEK.
General Rains Within Next 48 Hours, to Be Followed by Cooler Temperature.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 27.—General rains within the next forty-eight hours, to be followed by cooler weather, is to-night's Weather Bureau prediction. The bulletin follows:

"A barometric depression that is central over the Mississippi Valley and another that is off the south Atlantic coast will move toward New England and be attended by general rains within the next forty-eight hours over the greater part of the country from the Mississippi Valley to the Atlantic coast and in the Southwest."

In the Northwest about Wednesday, when it will move eastward and cross the middle West Thursday or Friday and the Eastern States near the close of the week. This disturbance will be preceded by a reaction to warmer weather and be attended by considerable cloudiness and local areas of precipitation in the region east of the Rocky Mountains.

GATES DIDN'T PAY IN ADVANCE

FOR TRUST COMPANY'S SERVICES UNDER HIS WILL.

Alvin W. Krech of the Equitable Says the Testator Consulted With Him About Tying Up the Property and That a Price Was Made, but Was Not Paid.

One of those who were interested yesterday in the news that a second will of John W. Gates was in the possession of a firm of lawyers in this city was Alvin W. Krech, the president of the Equitable Trust Company, which was named in the first will as a joint executor with Mr. Gates' widow and son.

In the second will the trust company of which Mr. Krech is president was not named as executor or trustee. At the time news of the first will was given out the first will was a joint executor with Mr. Gates' widow and son.

It is true that I had a conference with Mr. Gates about our acting as a joint trustee for his estate," said Mr. Krech yesterday, "but nothing definite was done. This talk was in May, 1911, as I remember, and Mr. Gates asked me what our charges would be. I submitted terms, and he said they were satisfactory. All I know of the contents of that will was what Judge Gildersleeve told me. I know nothing of the second will."

"It is a mistake that the Equitable received any money to bind the agreement to the terms I offered under which we would act as trustee. After I had told Mr. Gates our terms he said they were fair and he accepted the conference. I did not talk with him or with his lawyers again about it. No contract was signed and no money was paid."

"In that conference did Mr. Gates say that provision had been made in his will for carrying his stock and bond holdings for ten years after his death?" Mr. Krech was asked.

"I don't remember with any degree of definiteness just what was said about that, but the suggestion was made. I believe by Mr. Gates, and he said he thought that was a very good provision to make. Plans for doing it were discussed in a general way."

Mr. Krech said that the time he talked with Mr. Gates was understood that the estate would be about \$300,000.

It is the failure to pay in the second will the clause tying up the Gates securities for ten years that is arousing the most comment. This clause was emphasized in the first will by Judge Gildersleeve when he made it public.

"Mr. Gates' only comment to me in connection with this clause," said Judge Gildersleeve several days ago, "was that he expected the securities to increase greatly in value in the next ten years. But I believe he had in mind the protection of his friends and the public against any embarrassment that might be caused by a sudden sale of so many securities."

Holders of the first mortgage convertible bonds of the Central Fuel Oil Company learned yesterday that a meeting on September 14 has been arranged for to vote on rescinding the fifteen year agreement between that company and the Texas Company, in which Mr. Gates was largely interested. This move on the part of the fuel oil company is looked to now as explaining the recent drop of \$5 a share in Texas Company stock.

Charles G. Gates left town on Saturday night.

A SCORNED WOMAN SHOTS.

Fires a Second Shot Into Wounded Man Recklessly in Cop's Arms.

Policeman Albrecht of the Oak street station heard a pistol shot at 10 o'clock last night as he was standing at the corner of Oak and Oliver streets. A man ran toward him from the middle of the street holding his hand to his head. Albrecht caught him as he was falling. Behind the man came an excited woman carrying a revolver in her hand. It was smoking from the shot that she had just fired.

The woman ran straight to the man, who reclined in the policeman's arms, and blazed away at him again. The bullet tore a diagonal course through the man's right side, passing close through his body. It was by mere good fortune that the bullet did not strike Albrecht too.

The policeman grabbed the woman while she still held the man and took them both to the Oak street station. The woman made no resistance, but the officer was hampered greatly by the crowd which soon gathered and pressed around.

At the station house the woman at first would say nothing except that the man knew all about it. She couldn't speak English very well, so the lieutenant called in an interpreter. To him the woman told the story of how the man, who she said was Antonio Tesomona of 122 East Twenty-third street, had just told her that he was going to desert her for some one else. Then she shot him. Her name, she said, was Mariana Gurro and she lived at 235 Roosevelt street. She was locked up.

Dr. Savage from the Hudson street hospital said that Tesomona had a very slim chance of pulling through.

HIS MOTHER WAS KILLED TOO.
Hicks' Father, on First Vacation in 38 Years, Died in Week.

A telegram was received by Charles Hicks, Jr., of 11 Paterson street, Newark, early yesterday morning informing him that his mother as well as his father was killed in the wreck on the Lehigh Valley near Manchester, N. Y., last Friday. Mr. Hicks learned of the death of his father on the day of the disaster, but up to the time of receiving the telegram he had been unable to obtain any trace of his mother.

William Hicks, another son, left for Manchester Saturday and identified the body. Mrs. Hicks was 58 years old and her husband was the same age. He was employed as a tinsmith on the Central Railroad of New Jersey, and a week ago Friday he left for a trip to Niagara Falls and Buffalo with his wife on the first vacation in thirty-eight years. The couple were returning at the time they were killed in the wreck. Besides Charles and William, another son, Arthur, survives them.

TWO WOMEN SWIM TO CONEY

ANOTHER ONE GOES HALF WAY AND HAS A CRUISE.

Rain in Their Faces and Oil in Their Eyes Didn't Deter the Feminine Swimmers, but the Combination Was Too Much for the Men Who Also Started.

In the first long distance swimming race for women in this country, which was held yesterday, two of the starters, Miss Elaine Golding of Bath Beach and Miss Lillian Howard of Brooklyn, finished the course from the Battery to Steeplechase Park at Coney Island, a distance of fifteen miles. Miss Golding's time was 5 hours 54 minutes and Miss Howard landed a little later after being in the water a little over 20 minutes.

Miss Clara Bouton of Staten Island started with the rest, but had to be helped by a lifeguard after she had covered about half the course.

The three women came out on the pier of the Barge Office at 11:30 yesterday morning with all the visible portions of their bodies covered with petroleum jelly, which made them look like Indians. Each one wore a rubber cap and a one piece bathing suit. Just as they were about to dive from the pier the police patrol boat came alongside and they had to get into the water from the rail of the bluecoats' ship.

Miss Golding was followed by Thomas Golding and his coach, Fred James, in a rowboat. Miss Howard was followed by Arthur and Fred Hill, and Mrs. Bouton by her husband, Arthur G. Bouton, and Coach William J. Curran. There were numerous launches in the wake of the swimmers containing newspaper men and friends of the contestants. One or two moving picture machines were perched on the forward decks of the launches.

Miss Golding started off with a trudgeon stroke and led the race all the way, changing now and then to the breast stroke. She seemed to be in good condition through the whole race and kept up a lively conversation with the people who shouted at her from the various boats. Mrs. Bouton, in the trudgeon and Mrs. Howard in the breast stroke, seemed to swim easily. Miss Howard used the over and under arm strokes and saved herself a good deal at the start or else she found it difficult fighting the incoming tide, for she fell about half a mile behind the others soon after the start. But she gained when the swimmers were passing through Buttermilk Channel by hugging the east shore instead of trying to negotiate the rougher water of the middle course.

It was 11:30 when the three women were passing through the channel and 1:02 when they were at Fort Washington. It was raining smartly at this time and it was difficult to follow the swimmers. Bath Beach, when Mrs. Bouton was near her launch and just after she had taken two glasses of water she shouted that she had been taken with a cramp in her thigh. Her friends urged her to stick it out, but she insisted on getting into the launch, after which she had a good hair wash. She was nearly blinded with grease and rain water.

This was Miss Howard's first long swim and she had to stop several times to rub her eyes and take some beef broth, but she did not fall much behind her only remaining rival, who was ploughing along almost manfully.

In spite of the rain a considerable crowd was gathered on the beach near Steeplechase Pier to see the finish of the race and they cheered as Miss Golding came in sight, came ashore amid a hive of boats and bathers and received the silver loving cup as winner of the race. Forty-five minutes later, when Miss Howard was sighted, there was a new burst of enthusiasm. A drum corps made a sudden scale of so many approaches and the park chimed played first "Here Comes the Bride" and then "There is a Land of Rest." Miss Howard got a silver medal for her part.

At the time that the women swimmers made the start yesterday morning fourteen members of the United States Volunteer Life Saving Corps went off Pier A for the endurance swim to Coney Island. It was an annual affair with them, Commander W. E. Longfellow and Vice-Commander Charles Snyder had charge of the contest and followed the swimmers. Only four of them reached Buttermilk Channel owing to the inconvenience which they suffered from rain and because the Albany oil with which their faces had been smeared had become completely hardened. Only one man finished, Ray Fredrickson of the Gravesend Park, who landed at Whitney Beach, half a mile east of Steeplechase Pier, at 5:10.

Another man, Murphy of Ridgely Park, N. J., who did the swim to Hell Gate last year, was neck and neck with the women swimmers for about eight miles, but was taken out of the race by a cramp in his leg. Another life saver, William J. Halin of the East Sixty-fourth street station, was sighted by the harbor patrol boat as he was swimming across the bay. He was completely blinded by the acid in the oil on his face and almost choked by the water he was swallowing. The harbor patrol picked him up and a couple of others out of a small rowboat which was fast filling with water from the choppy seas near the Potato Patch. The small boat when it put off from a launch which was returning to Staten Island with Mrs. Bouton on board, but he plunged into the water when the boat he was in was swamped and swam to a canoe which was passing not a great way off. The whole party was received on board the harbor patrol and put in condition by a doctor.

Capt. James Brewin of the Bay Ridge station just as far in the race as his own precinct and then decided that he had enough of it. The rest of the thirteen aspirants who didn't get to Coney Island were killed up at various points along the route, many of them off Fort Wadsworth, some by the Patrol and some by the boat in which Commander Longfellow was following the race.

It was said by one having authority along the course that several of the life savers who contested yesterday had been having courses of sprouts for a week or two hours late on the pier where they were from home and family cars in preparation for yesterday's event, and this same person declared that if the men had not been so plastered with Albany oil, which choked and blinded them, there would not have been so many failures.

SLEET BESIDE THIRD RAIL.
Man Killed at Atlantic City Put His Head Within Few Inches of It.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Aug. 27.—John Frank, 47 years old, of this city was run down and killed here early this morning by the electric train leaving Camden at 11 o'clock and due here at 12:40. The accident was not noticed by the train crew or anybody on the train and no one knew of it until a watchman found the body about two hours later.

From marks found on the roadbed it is believed that Frank, who had had too much to drink, lay down beside the track with his head on the wooden guard three inches over the third rail. The arms that connect the circuit and give the motive power from the train caught and dragged him beneath the wheels. The accident occurred at Illinois and Baltic avenues.

LIST OF DEAD MAY REACH 33.

Four More of the Injured in Lehigh Wreck Not Expected to Recover.

ROCHESTER, Aug. 27.—One more death, that of Miss Mary E. Hassett of Philadelphia, at Clifton Springs Sanitarium this morning at 1:30 o'clock, has brought the death toll in the Lehigh valley wreck up to 33. The death of Miss Hassett, who was in the Memorial Hospital at Canandaigua that Mrs. Harry B. Smith of Sayre, Pa., wife of a Lehigh Valley engineer, cannot recover. Her skull is split and she lost her nose. At the Rochester hospitals four more injured are not expected to live. They are Miss Susan Everett of Virginia avenue, Niagara Falls; Mrs. Joseph Hickey of 1839 South street, Philadelphia; Howard Headley of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Mary Lawrence of 3031 Susquehanna avenue, Philadelphia. If these die the death list will reach thirty-three.

The inquest into the fatality will open to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock in the G. A. R. rooms at Shortville. The coroner will preside and will conduct the investigation and there will be present a representative from the Interstate Commerce Commission, H. W. Belnap of Washington, D. C., and one from the Pennsylvania Commission, Archibald Buchanan of Albany. It is the intention of these two commissions to probe the wreck to the bottom and satisfy themselves that the broken rail alone was responsible for the disaster. The rail will be introduced as evidence at the inquest.

Subpoenas have been issued by the dozens calling for witnesses of the wreck from all over the country—railway officials, trainmen and laborers. It will probably take several days for an examination to be concluded.

All the bodies at Shortville morgue were the exception of that of Miss Fredericka Winkler of Philadelphia have been taken home by relatives, but the little village which went into hysterics Friday night is still not calmed down. Sightseers drawn to the wreck by morbid curiosity even went into the cellar where the dead bodies have been kept.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 27.—Mrs. E. A. Boyce of this city believes that her husband, James Boyce, a Grand Army veteran, was killed in the train wreck at Manchester, N. Y., and that his body is lying among the unidentified dead in the Rochester morgue. She called at police headquarters to-day and had a description of her husband written to the police and to the police, Joseph Boyce left Atlantic City to-day for Rochester to claim the body.

Mrs. Boyce heard from him since the wreck and read that among the killed was a man named Joseph Boyce, a Grand Army veteran, who was killed in the wreck. She was unable to find out whether her husband's description, who wore cuff buttons marked "B."

TRIED TO DIE IN THE PARK.

But a Policeman Spoke to Him Just in Time to Stop His Fling.

A gray little man with no rubbers and only half a shoe on each foot went into the mists of Tompkins Park in Brooklyn yesterday morning. His clothes had absorbed all the water that they could hold. The sagging pockets held no money or meal checks, not even a latch key, but one dropped lower than the other, dragged down by the weight of an old, crumpled revolver.

The rain pattered down and a shop-keeper across the way in Tompkins avenue wiped the mist from the window pane with his sleeve and idly watched the gray little man as he walked along the walk toward the library building and disappeared behind it. In the shrubbery behind the building the man knelt and reached for the sagging pocket. Policeman Patrick Horan, who was near, heard the click of the hammer and the kneeling man cocked his revolver and pressed the muzzle against his temple. Horan saw the finger tightening on the trigger and spoke quickly.

"What are you going to do with that?" he asked.

The man turned without taking the weapon from his head. He was so surprised that he forgot to pull the trigger. Before he could recover Horan had taken possession of the weapon. He let the hammer down very carefully and unloaded the gun.

"Now, you had better come with me," he said.

On the way to the station house Horan bought the gray little man a meal. The prisoner said that he was Charles Reddel, 65 years old, no home, and said that he wanted to die quickly because he felt better about it. He had been in the hospital for a long time and when the police had begun to warm him up and the police had contributed dry clothes. An ambulance surgeon from St. John's Hospital said that Reddel was suffering from exposure and starvation, but would do very well in a cell. So they locked him up on a charge of attempted suicide, which didn't seem to bother the old man as much as the charge of being turned out to roam the hunt for a job when he is arraigned in the Gates avenue court to-day.

BETTER ALL WALKERS AT 74.

George H. Ward Lives on 26 Cents a Week and Thrives on Short Diet.

BOSTON, Aug. 27.—George H. Ward of Middletown, 74 years old, challenges all New England to an athletic contest. Mr. Ward says:

"Although I live and live well on 26 cents a week I am healthier and heartier than the average man. Yes, I'm 74 and I challenge any one in New England, or anywhere else for that matter, to walk with me anywhere, any time and under conditions. I'll guarantee to beat them no matter who they are."

"I don't agree with him. It's quite impossible. A man must eat even if he does cut out meat and other carnivorous foods. Now I claim that no one can live on that. I don't claim to eat, not even a mere cat. However, add 4 cents to the 22 and the thing takes on a different aspect. I eat nothing but oatmeal and peanut butter, also a few crackers, although to tell the truth the crackers and the butter are luxuries, not necessities."

"But I don't like to tie myself down to necessities like that. I want my little oatmeal butter and my crackers. This, of course, brings my weekly bill up to 26 cents, but I don't begrudge it. All of us have our weaknesses, some for drink or tobacco, or something else. Mine's a weakness for peanut butter and crackers, that's all."

"If a man wants to be an athlete beautifully and grow into a pillar of strength and endurance, he must eat a well-balanced diet and he can actually get along on some thing like what the average fellow gives a waitress for a tip at a meal. I am tired of my present state of inertia. I walk every day between five and fifteen miles just to keep in trim, but this amount of exercise is insufficient. But I don't want to deter any one from meeting me by telling of my walking powers. Let 'em come and take a chance. I'll give it to 'em."

STEAMER AT ANCHOR SUNK.
City of Genoa Hammed by the W. H. Gilbert in St. Clair River.

PORT HURON, Mich., Aug. 27.—The steel steamer W. H. Gilbert of the Pittsburgh Steamship Company struck the wooden steamer City of Genoa of the Gilchrist Transportation Company of Cleveland in the St. Clair River opposite this port in a dense fog yesterday.

The Genoa sank with a big hole in her port side. She was anchored at the time of the accident and the Gilbert was bound down with ore. Capt. Ingham of the Genoa was killed and the City of Genoa was in charge of Capt. C. C. Hanley of North Tonawanda, N. Y.

RAID HEWLETT'S CASINO AGAIN

NASSAU POLICE CATCH FOURTEEN MEN THIS TIME.

Those Pockets They Search for More Distinctive Names Than Jones and Smith—Three Faro Tables and Two Roulette Wheels Are Toted Away.

HEMPSTEAD, Aug. 27.—Three automobiles loaded to the guards with Sheriff, deputy sheriffs and constables slunk through the dawn with as little noise as possible and stopped in front of the Casino at Hewlett, L. I., this morning. The representatives of law and order headed by Chief of Police Alfred B. Wallace of Freeport, L. I., were determined that this time they would show a sceptical world that they really could make a raid and get away with it.

A week ago armed with warrants the suburban police raided Hewlett's Casino, but it was a raid on which advance notices had been sent out and as a consequence the police only found two men in an outwardly innocent hall. One of the prisoners they had to let go because they had a John Gamekeeper warrant for him and when he was haled to court no one could testify that he had kept any games; the other, who gave the name of Clarence Wallace, still languishes in a Mineola jail, but even about him there was some doubt, so the reformers for whom the roulette wheel has no lure decided to make good.

They went before Justice Scudder sitting in Brooklyn yesterday and got a search warrant for the Casino and this time they were careful not to breathe the fact to a soul.

Chief Wallace's men, nine in all, found a young man, apparently a devotee of astronomy, draped in front of the entrance to the Casino when they hopped out of their machines at 1:35 this morning. When he saw what was coming at him he fled along a corridor where an electric button dotted the wall. But he couldn't make it. The chief shouldered him over against Deputy Sheriff Thomas Murray and Murray sent him along with another hitch to the man behind him and in a moment that surprised young man found himself in an automobile with a big man wrapped about his neck. The lookout disposed of the raiders walked through the door, which was not locked.

They found themselves in a fifty foot room with octagonal proclivities. Around the room ran a corridor with two exits and three windows leading away from it into the night. The room was empty, innocent and dark. The flashing of electric lights, however, revealed a door that opened into another room at the further end and toward this the police surged.

The second door was of heavy metal, upon which lawful hands pounded and behind which there came to lawful ears the sound of much scuffling. Finally Chief Wallace felt the knob turn under his hand and he opened the door open.

He was on the threshold of a big room drenched with light from many electric bulbs and cluttered up with tables. Three doors around the side of the room, in which there were no windows, were closing as the chief stepped into it. And the first thing that caught his eye was the swish of frightened canteens disappearing through the door.

He walked up to a table upon which a roulette wheel was having its last dying whirl. As he looked at it the little ball hesitated a minute and then stopped at the number 32. Green and reintroduced the little Greens.

The chief wasn't a bit worried about the exit of those canteens, for he had pretty good ground plans of the Casino and had his men in front of every exit and sure enough in a moment escorted by sheriffs in marched fourteen men, some very pale and sheepish, others wearing an air of "well, sure, of it?"

The fourteen were lined up just as folks in gambling raid stories that you read about are lined up and the chief asked for names and addresses. Thereupon he discovered the greatest number of Smiths, Joneses and Robinsons that have ever been found together in one place in Long Island. Like a flash he realized that the names they were giving him were made up right then and there. So he had one of his deputies look into the pockets of the fourteen and fish out letters and bills and things and they couldn't do much more fooling then.

Then the police told the disgruntled fourteen to go away and beware, and commenced to gather the evidence. They toted three Faro tables, two roulette wheels and a basket of chips out to the waiting automobiles. News of the doings had gone abroad and some two hundred guests of the Holly Arms, which is about two hundred feet away from the raided place and is frequented by the Rockaway Hunt colony, came out in mackintoshes and a state of great delight.

The evidence was taken away and will be shown to Justice Scudder in Mineola to-day. If he is convinced that arrests should be made it is the intention of the police to take the necessary steps in regard to the fourteen. For they have their names and addresses, you see